





appears by the report in the New York Herald—it was said by—

Rev. Mr. Hay, (a colored brother)—Do not go away; I have something very interesting to tell you. Two years ago, a poor, porting colored man came to this city from Maryland. He became a cook in a vessel between this port and Providence. He was discovered, and a man went with him and he should go to Maryland with him. He refused to do so, and then a charge of stealing was got up against him. He was put in prison, and his master came to his cell, and demanded the boy as his property. John McKown, who was the charge of the prison, must be tried, and he was tried. His lawyer and friends advised him to plead guilty. He did so, and was sent to prison. Steps were taken to get him out; but the idea was abandoned, as it was feared it would be known by his master. However, as the time drew near that his period of imprisonment had expired, the children felt very uneasy, and Dr. Pennington went to Albany, and succeeded in getting Gov. Hunt to release him. His time is not out until to-morrow; but he is flying to-day beyond the reach of his enemies. (Applause.)

A brother here stated that the owner wrote to a keeper of one of the prisons, asking him where the slave was, that he might take him when his period of imprisonment expired, but his letter was never answered.

Mr. Hay—Oh! yes. I forgot to mention that.

The *modus operandi* of the defeat of the reclamation. These facts, without comment, are submitted to the public. By the act of the Governor of New York, committed with a full knowledge of the position of matters and its results, the owner of the slave Dudley, alias Snowden, has been deprived of his property, and a convicted felon once more loosened to prey upon the property of the citizens of New York. Whatever remedies in the premises the claimant has, civil or otherwise, against any of the parties to this wrong, will be promptly and fearlessly enforced.

ALLEN THOMAS, JR.  
New York, May 17, 1852.

### THE KILLING OF A FUGITIVE SLAVE AT COLUMBIA.

In the last number of our paper, we published what we believed to be—and what has since proved to be, so far as it went—a correct account of the attempt of officers Snyder and Ridgely to arrest a fugitive slave, named WILLIAM SMITH, in which the latter officer shot the slave, while in their custody. A contemporary, in speaking of the affair, says our article was "very guarded." So it was. Within a few hours after the occurrence, when great excitement prevailed among all classes of our citizens, and when the facts were not fully known, we were careful to furnish a fair and impartial account of what we now believe—after the excitement has subsided, and the public have been able to form an opinion from what they have heard of the testimony to have been a most unjustifiable murder, committed without any provocation whatever—by a man, too, who had the reputation of being a fearless and good officer. Facts sustain us in this opinion. In broad daylight, two officers—one a large, heavy-built man, the other a man of medium size, with only one hand—arrest a fugitive slave. The slave struggles to get away, and while endeavoring to do so, the latter officer draws a pistol and shoots him dead. The officers then walked off to the great discredit of our citizens—and were permitted to pursue the course whither they would go.

On Thursday night, immediately after an inquest was held over the body of SMITH, J. W. Fisher, Esq., sent a telegraphic dispatch to the Hon. J. M. Thompson, Esq., the efficient Prosecuting Attorney for this county. Mr. T. came up on Friday, and after hearing the facts in the case, directed Esquire Fisher to summon all the witnesses to appear at his office on Tuesday, the 4th inst., at which time he would attend and take the testimony, to forward to Governor Bigler, in order that he may judge of the nature of the affair, and of the propriety of granting a requisition on Governor Lowe, of Maryland, for the delivery of Ridgely. Mr. Thompson appeared at the time appointed, and conducted the examination of the witnesses with much ability. The result of that examination we give below:—

John Williams (colored) sworn—On Thursday, the 25th ult., in the lower part of Columbia, where I was at work, in the afternoon, I saw two men arrest WILLIAM SMITH; didn't see any paper in their hands. Before they placed their hands on him, they said to him, "Catch him." Catch him? they had hold of him—one on each side; didn't hear them say anything to Smith; he struggled and tried to pull away from them; was in a stooped position all the while; think he did not at any time get his arm away from their hands; from the time they seized Smith until he was shot, he did not have more than two minutes; at the end of the two minutes, they call Ridgely fired and shot; Ridgely had a pistol; I did not see Snyder have any instrument; heard the report of the pistol; did not see the pistol at the time Ridgely shot; saw it before; saw Smith fall and turn over on his back; what I mean by struggling is, Smith tried to pull away from the officers; the backs of all were toward me; I was standing about thirty yards from where Smith was shot, at the time of the occurrence; Smith was engaged in piling lumber; Smith fell. Snyder said to Ridgely, "Come, give yourself up;" they then started up Front street, towards the centre of Columbia; when the officers first arrested Smith, I heard Snyder tell Ridgely to knock him down; when Smith had fallen in the struggle, and he raised again; did not hear Ridgely make any reply; there were no persons present when the affair happened, except some colored men on the top of the board pile; no effort was made after the affair to do violence to the officers; they were not followed by the crowd; Smith did not live more than two minutes after the pistol was fired; from all I saw, I am strongly of opinion that the pistol was fired by design; at no time had Smith any advantage over the two officers; they had hold of him all the time; suppose that Smith was about five feet six or seven inches high; Ridgely is about six feet, well proportioned; Snyder about as large as Smith; Snyder has but one hand; when Snyder told Ridgely to give himself up, I saw Ridgely say he would; Smith was working for me; had a wife but no children that I know of.

Henry K. Minick, sworn—First I heard of the affair was the report of the pistol; at that time I was in my house; I ran out immediately, and I went to the place where Smith was lying; when I got there, there was no person present but the officers; were then going away around the board-pile; in a few minutes the persons at work in the yard gathered; no persons that I saw followed Ridgely and Snyder; from my house, to where Smith was shot, is about twenty yards; there was no crowd, mob, or riotous disturbance on the part of those who gathered.

Let's talk, sworn—I was in the alley the time Ridgely took hold of Smith; was between four and five steps from them; I heard a report of a pistol; I turned round and saw Smith falling; I stopped about a minute before I went to them; I found Smith bleeding very much; did not see any warrant or paper in the hands of Ridgely when he took hold of Smith.

Christian Johnson, (colored) sworn—I was present on the afternoon Smith was shot; did not see the officers until they got to where the affair happened. When I saw them, one was each side of him; had hold of his arm; Smith was in a stooped position at the time I saw them. I saw Ridgely put his hand in his pocket, and draw a pistol; saw him throw his arm back as if I was going to stop him; Snyder said to him, "Don't shoot him!" did not hear Ridgely say anything, but he shot immediately afterwards. They both had hold of Smith, with their backs towards me; I saw both officers have hold of Smith; Ridgely had hold with one arm, while he put the other in his pocket, and drew out his pistol. Smith was in a stooped position at the time; no person interfered with the officers to rescue Smith; during the time I saw them, Smith had not yet succeeded in getting loose; after Smith fell, Snyder said to Ridgely, you will have to give yourself up; Ridgely said he would, and they started off; no person followed them that I saw; Smith lived about two minutes after he was shot.

James Boggs, (colored) sworn—I saw Smith when Snyder and Ridgely arrested him; they caught him by the breast of the jacket; Smith said, "Men, what do you mean?" Ridgely put his hand in his pocket, drew out his pistol and cocked it, and said to Smith, "Now I've got you, you black son of a bitch;" Smith tried to get away as I went down the alley; Snyder about thirty steps, when I heard the report of a pistol; I then went back, and saw Smith lying on the ground, gasping; I did not see any persons interfere with the officers.

Allen Bowen, (colored) sworn—I was on the top of a board-pile about twelve feet high, about fifteen yards from where Smith was shot; I heard some person say, "Oh, men, oh, men," which caused me to look around; saw Snyder have hold of Smith's left arm, and Ridgely holding his right; Smith was pulling towards the fence; saw Ridgely raise his hand with a pistol in it; heard him say something, but could not understand what it was, and instantly he fired; Smith fell forward on his face; then rolled over on his back; Ridgely put his pistol in his coat pocket, and both officers started off and went down the alley; I asked what the men shot Billy for, when Ridgely turned and looked at me, and walked on; I followed them up, and came in sight of them at Grove's shoe-store, about two squares from the place; I followed on until they reached Parson's tavern, where they both entered; John Williams and myself were the only two persons that came up after them from the yard; I told different persons what had taken place, and afterwards went back to the yard where Smith was shot.

John Williams, (colored) sworn—I was standing about fourteen feet from where Smith was shot; the first I saw were the officers coming up the alley, each having hold of Smith on the shoulder; I saw Ridgely reach into his pocket, and draw a pistol, saying, "You damned black son of a bitch, if he don't stop now, I'll shoot him!" I then saw Ridgely fire the pistol; he shot over his shoulder; I understood Snyder to say, "Drop him!" I heard Smith say, "Don't men, don't;" I am positive that Ridgely's left hand was on Smith's shoulder, at the time he fired with his right hand; I did not see the officers first hold of Smith; after Smith fell, Snyder and Ridgely both turned and walked away towards the Railroad; I started after them, and followed them to Parson's tavern; I was in company with Allen Bowen and James Boggs, part of the way; I was about a square off from them; I saw nothing like a mob.

Sarah Harris affirmed—I was sitting in the room of my house at the time; I then heard three men come and stand before me; I then heard the report of a pistol, when the colored man fell; when I first saw them, I did not see a pistol in the hands of the white men; I did not notice that the colored man was endeavoring to escape; the white men stood four or five minutes afterwards, when they would go. I did not see Smith have Ridgely's finger in his mouth; I think I could tell you what he said; I did not see any person about but the three, at the time; both white men had hold of the colored man, one on each side; I saw no struggling to get away.

### FREEDOM MONUMENT.

Hon. Joshua R. Giddings proposes, in a letter to the Pennsylvania Freeman, that a monument be erected in Columbia, Pa., to the memory of William Smith, the murdered fugitive. The Freeman approves the suggestion. The letter is as follows:—

HALL OF REPRESENTATIVES, U.S.,  
May 4th, 1852.

To the Editor of the Pennsylvania Freeman:

SIR,—Honor to the memory of those who die in defence of freedom, has long been practiced by all civilized people. We Americans approve this time-honored custom. The splendid monument which rears its lofty spire on "Bunker Hill" is erected in honor of those who fell in defense of the rights of the people to self-government. I propose that this example be followed: Let a suitable monument be reared to the memory of WILLIAM SMITH, who was slain on Thursday last, at Columbia, while defending his inalienable right to freedom, against a gang of practical men-stealers who dared pollute the soil of Pennsylvania, protected in their fiendish parsonage by the members of Congress, which counting generations will pronounce *inhuman* and *infamous*. Let a brief history of this sacrifice of human life to the fell spirit of oppression be deeply engraven upon the enduring granite, that the execrations of posterity may rest upon the memory of those who have perverted the powers of this government to the base purpose of oppressing and brutalizing our fellow men. To such an object, I shall deem it a privilege to contribute according to my humble means. Very respectfully,

J. R. GIDDINGS.

### A COMPLIMENT 'OVER THE LEFT.'

The Baltimore Clipper thus discourses of SENATOR SUMNER:

"Mr. SUMNER is a pure philanthropist and a profound statesman, who will leave a broad and beneficial mark upon the legislation of the Senate. His career, thus far, has been illustrated by eloquence, wisdom and patriotism."

"Pure 'philanthropy,' 'wisdom' and 'patriotism' in the Clipper's vocabulary, are but synonyms for slavery and compromise. To have merited this commendation is but a poor realization of the hopes and expectations of the anti-slavery cause. The rejoicings were boisterous and long over his election. For five months he has been in Congress. The question of slavery, in its various aspects, has been up repeatedly for discussion. The fugitive law has been executed with atrocities equal to anything that its bloodiest advocates could have anticipated or desired. The North has been insulted and outraged, and its citizens kidnapped and murdered, and Mr. Sumner by his silence has earned from the slaveholders the appellation of a pure philanthropist, a wise and patriotic man! Alas! that he should so well have merited the deep damnation of such praise."

—Ohio A. S. Bugle.

THE ALLEGED SELLING OF MASSACHUSETTS CITIZENS INTO SLAVERY.—In the Senate, May 14, the report of the Special Committee, asking to be discharged from the consideration of the subject of selling subjects of Massachusetts into slavery in Texas, coming up, Mr. Hays well offered the following resolve as a substitute for the report:

Resolved, That his Excellency the Governor, by and with the advice and consent of the Council, be and he is authorized to procure the release from slavery of the four inhabitants of Massachusetts recently sold in Texas on the charge of attempting to aid in the escape of a slave; provided such release is practicable; and that for the expenses attending the same, warrants be drawn accordingly.

Mr. Warren, of Suffolk, spoke in favor of the adoption of the report of the Committee. It was impossible to say whether or not they were inhabitants of this State; they may have only passed through it in pursuit of their calling. Mr. Bassett then said that the fact of their being citizens could be proved in twenty minutes by the shipping master, who shipped them as citizens of this State.

Mr. Keyes followed in an able and characteristic speech. He was opposed to the resolution in one respect, and that was, that it looked like making the confession that Massachusetts is not a power among the States. It says we will not ask redress from the General Government, for we do not expect it; but you may make slaves of our citizens, and we will be content to purchase them, and restore them to freedom. If Massachusetts was an independent power, he would be in favor of declaring war against Texas for this act, and would be one of the first who would volunteer in its prosecution.

Mr. W. then offered the following as an amendment to the resolve:

Resolved, That the Governor of the Commonwealth be directed to inquire into the arrest of four men supposed to be citizens of Massachusetts in the State of Texas, and under the laws of that State sold into slavery; to ascertain for what crime they have been thus punished; whether they were fairly tried, had the charge of conspiracy against them proved, and permanent warrants authorized by the Constitution and laws of the United States; and after due inquiry, if the Governor, with the advice of the Council, shall deem it right and proper for the Commonwealth to interfere for the release of said citizens, the Governor be and he is authorized to procure, if possible, their release either by purchase or otherwise, and to draw on the treasury for such means as may be necessary to defray the expenses of the same.

Several amendments were offered and rejected. The resolve of Mr. Walker was accepted by Mr. Hays, after the words "either by purchase or otherwise" had been stricken out, and was then ordered to a third reading, by a vote of 30 to 5. Messrs. Brewster, Fisher, Cary and Warren voting in the negative.

From the Dedham Gazette.

THE BATTLE TO SECURE TO THE PEOPLE OF MASSACHUSETTS THE RIGHT OF TRIAL BY JURY, AND THE BENEFIT OF HABEAS CORPUS, AS GUARANTEED BY THE CONSTITUTION, WAS DEFEATED IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES ON SATURDAY LAST. MOST OF THE DEMOCRATS AND FREE SOILERS VOTED FOR IT, AND NEARLY, IF NOT QUITE ALL THE WHIGS VOTED AGAINST IT. IT IS SIMPLY SAYING TO THE

negro-drivers, that they may come and deprive us of all the rights and privileges that were earned by the blood of our fathers, and guaranteed by the fundamental laws. It is another, and the greatest sacrifice on the part of Slavery, for the sake of party. The negro-drivers must be conciliated, even at the hazard and loss of all that our fathers held dear.

We say that it is done in obedience to party; for if there was one man who would vote against such a measure on conviction that he was discharging his duty, such a man can be no other than a low-browed and abject scoundrel, born with the crawling and craven disposition of a slave. If such a wretch can have been created for any of the inscrutable purposes of the Almighty, and we could believe that the negroes on the plantations were as servile and as fond of degradation as he, then we might believe in the divine origin of Slavery, and readily understand that a race had been created worthy only of the fetter and the lash.

Every Whig present and voting, from the County of Norfolk to the representations from Roxbury, Dorchester, and even Dover—voted to deprive themselves of the very securities of personal liberty provided in the Constitution. They voted themselves and constituents the willing and abject serfs and subjects of the slaveholding tyranny. They voted themselves the aiders and abettors of kidnapping and negro-stealing; they voted themselves the pimps and panders of negro-catchers and thieves; they voted themselves the voluntary menials and instruments of slave-breeder, who raise human beings for the shambles. We have only to say, that if there are on the Southern plantations beings so fond of subjection, degradation and servile obedience, as these men, they are in their proper stations, and no further efforts should henceforth be made to relieve them from the bondage to which they are so well adapted. It would be no hardship to the voters against the bill we are considering, if they were all reduced—if it is possible to reduce them—to the level of the degraded and obedient to the rice fields of the Carolinas to drag out the remainder of their lives. They might, to be sure, recoil before the hard labor, coarse fare, but they are utterly incompetent to experience the pangs of personal degradation. To be at the feet of a negro-driver appears to be their supreme delight and ambition.

## The Liberator.

No Union with Slaveholders!

BOSTON, MAY 28, 1852.

### THE SLAVE-HUNTER IN FANEUIL HALL.

On Saturday afternoon, Faneuil Hall was densely filled with a curious multitude, drawn together by a thousand diverse motives, to listen to what might fall from the lips of DANIEL WEBSTER, the great slave-hunter and brazen advocate of slave-catching, who had been announced as the orator of the occasion. One of the galleries was occupied by the ladies—the other, by the members of the Methodist General Conference, now in session in this city. Previous to Mr. W.'s appearance, "Father Taylor" was loudly called for, who came forward, and among other things said, "Daniel Webster has been my candidate for the Presidency for seventeen years, and will continue to be until he goes to heaven!" As for the Presidency, Mr. Webster will never attain to it, in spite of this pertinacious support; and as for getting to heaven, his chance seems equally hopeless, during "the boundless ages of eternity," i.e. if the doctrine of eternal damnation is true.

*Facile decus aterni,  
Sed recedat gradum—  
Hoc opus, hic labor est!*

It would be interesting to know how much debauchery and intoxication, and to what extent slave-hunting is allowed in the heaven which "Father Taylor" had in his mind's eye for the distinguished object of his idolatry; whether he "thinks to bear him company" thither, as the "faithful dog" follows the Indian; and whether he is prepared to shout,

"With such as he, where'er he be,  
May I be saved or damned!"

In all charity, we trust not. Seriously—what can be more censurable, or more at war with all just ideas of heavenly purity and grace, than such language from one claiming to be a minister of Jesus Christ, as applied to the champion of the hellish Fugitive Slave Law?

Some allowance must be made for the highly impressionable and strongly impulsive character of Father Taylor; still, the act admits of no justification, but calls for shame and confusion of face.

Mayor Seaver presided, and opened the meeting by a short address, in which he said, "We have assembled in this *Cradle of American Liberty* to meet an honored fellow-citizen, one whom we always delight to see and hear." Now, what can be more incongruous or insulting than the occupancy of such a hall by the Great Slave Hunter and his retainers?—they to "honor" him, and to be delighted at his hideous presence, and he to play the flatterer, parasite, and hypocritical pretender to the love of justice, liberty and religion? Yet the Mayor had the audacity to declare, as though in absolute mockery of the human understanding, "This is the appropriate place to meet him!"—him who has done more to debauch the moral sentiment of the whole country, since the 7th of March, 1850, than any other public man who has ever held office under the national government!—him who glories in crushing the weak, plundering the poor, seeing the fugitive hunted like a partridge upon the mountains, and giving eternal guarantees to keep millions of his countrymen (as white as himself) in chattel servitude! "The appropriate place"—the place consecrated to liberty as the birthright of every human being, and made famous by revolutionary appeals in consequence of a three-penny tax on tea! "He comes hither," continued the Mayor, "by the unanimous invitation of both branches of the City Government, without distinction of party, to exchange with us the kind congratulations and warm sympathies of the heart." Let this be remembered—it will be remembered, hereafter, with shame and confusion of face by posterity. "Unanimous invitation!" Not a single man on the Board of Aldermen or Common Council to stand in the gap, or record a virtuous negative! And this is Boston, in the seventeenth year of American Independence—utterly degraded, and dead to every emotion of humanity, lost to every feeling of self-respect! "No more agreeable duty can ever devolve on me," said the Mayor, addressing Mr. Webster, "than that of now welcoming you, in behalf of the City Government, and of the Citizens of Boston, within these hallowed walls!" Will Mayor Seaver tell us how that Colossal Traitor to Liberty would have appeared in his eyes, if he had hearkened to the divine command, "Remember them that are in bonds as bound with them," and imagined himself and his family endeavoring to escape from the hell of Southern slavery, with Webster on their trail, at the head of a gang of ruffians seeking their destruction? Circumstances affect the judgment, as well as alter cases. In declaring how agreeable it was to welcome the Scourge of the Defenseless and Hunter of the Outcast, the Mayor defined his own position perfectly. Affinities brand.

"Devil with devil damned,  
Firm concord holds."

As the climax of enmity, Mr. Webster was assured by the Mayor—"We welcome you as a friend whom we value as a fellow-citizen whom we honor, and who has done honor to us," [!] as the "consistent champion of constitutional liberty, and the RIGHTS OF MAN!" Think of Judas Iscariot, after his betrayal of Christ, receiving a welcome on account of his unwavering fidelity to his Master!

Turning to the gallery containing the Methodist clerical fraternity, the Mayor flatteringly said—"We are also honored on this occasion, with the presence of many distinguished strangers from distant parts of the Union." Distinguished for what? And why thus

complimented? O, because "representing one of the most respectable and influential religious denominations of our country!" That tells the whole story. The Presidential election is approaching; and, beyond all doubt, this reception meeting was called mainly with reference to securing the good will of this formidable fraternity. It was a stroke of political demagoguism, too palpable to deceive the most stupid of the clerical cabal aforesaid. If they had not been in religious league and fellowship with the Southern man-thieves, they would have spurned the compliments showered upon them on that occasion; and when Mayor Seaver "assured them that there is no community which holds more firmly than ours to the conviction, that religious faith is the only foundation of civil liberty," they should promptly have illustrated that faith by pointing to the Court-House in chains, the Sims brigade, and the abducting of the victim by the city authorities,—and also by referring to the laurels and honors bestowed upon the Great Slave Hunter himself!

Very few of the throng in Faneuil Hall were able to hear at all connectedly the speech of Mr. Webster. His voice was feeble, his articulation difficult, and his manner dull. It is the conviction of those who were present, with whom we have conversed, that he was partially affected by that "strong drink," to the debilitating influence of which he has so often yielded; so that when he said, in the course of his harangue, "Ye men of Boston, drink no strong potations," it seemed like a homily on honesty by one who had just been detected in some act of petty larceny. The speech, as revised by himself, duly appeared in the daily papers of Monday; administering to the self-conceit and vanity of a people whose love of flattery is inordinate, dealing in empty generalities about virtue, liberty, religion, Divine Providence, and the like, and winding up with a eulogy upon the unparalleled beneficence of Boston, and the superlative excellence of Methodism!

It is not difficult to imagine the jubilant roar that must have passed through Pandemonium, in spite of "adamantine chains and penal fires," when, addressing the clerical brotherhood, Mr. Webster, in his usual devout and disinterested strain, said—"We see here, to-day, delegate members from one of the greatest Christian denominations [and therefore to be specially detailed] in the United States, coming from the North probably, [quite probable!] certainly from the South and West, [ay, the South—that gives the wine its flavor.] And who is not glad to see them? [Ay, who that is aspiring to the Presidential chair, and needs their aid to come within sight of it!—who that goes for slave-catching, and has no occasion to feel rebuked by their presence!] As for myself, gentlemen, I bid you welcome. [The Methodist Conference now rose in a body, not a blush being seen on any cheek. What must be the real character and position of that Conference, when such a prodigious traitor can proffer them a welcome? Would its members have allowed themselves to appear in Faneuil Hall, if the speaker had been Joshua R. Giddings, Horace Mann, or John G. Palfrey? Not they!] I bid you welcome to Faneuil Hall, the birth-place of American liberty [—which liberty means the right to own as many slaves as one can steal or purchase, and to hold in one hand the Declaration of Independence, and in the other the slave-driver's lash!] Welcome to Boston [—for ever rendered illustrious by its sacrifice of Thomas Sims, and for having conquered the prejudices arising from humanity and a sense of eternal justice!] We welcome you for your many Christian virtues, and for the good you have accomplished in this country and abroad. [What is the exact moral difference between the Methodist Conference and Daniel Webster? Do not the parties understand each other?] I know something of Charles Wesley. Dying at a great age, shortly after our independence was secured, these were his last words: "The workmen did not mean slave-breeding or slave-catching; and yet that is the work going on, by day and by night, in this country, in the prosecution of which no one seems more interested than Daniel Webster."

Though Mr. Webster promised to avoid political topics in his address, he contrived to signify, and to say, that he had not a repentant thought in regard to his slave-catching villany and other deeds of darkness.

### A SUDDEN EJECTMENT.

On Monday morning, the editor of the *Commonwealth*, Eliza Wright, appears to have been unceremoniously ejected from his post, and his place occupied by Charles List; but for what reason, no one could surmise, as nothing appeared in the columns of that sheet, either from Mr. Wright or Mr. List, to enlighten the patrons thereof, on that score.

In the *Mail*, however, appeared a valediction, signed by Mr. Wright, which he says, Mr. List refused to publish in the *Commonwealth*, though the latter had promised to print any thing he would intend. He says he has been obliged to relinquish his position, simply because one of his two partners, Mr. List, professes to think he can make a more readable and profitable paper than Mr. W. can. To be compelled to walk the plank in this summary manner, he thinks is very unjust; and we confess it looks, upon the face of it, despite and sanguinary. Certainly, not to allow him to bid adieu to the readers of the *Commonwealth* savor of meanness seldom paralleled. On the whole, this is a very cool piece of management, and cannot fail to make a sensation.

The valediction of Mr. Wright is a curious one—historical, lachrymal, complacent, jubilant, critical, expository, with a dissertation on slave-catching, and a defence of the U. S. Constitution from the charge of sanctioning that pursuit—Mr. Wright having ascertained, (most satisfactorily to himself,) "both from English Grammar [!] and American History, [!] that there is not a stain or shadow of any such unwelcome obligation in that instrument!"—a discovery which Washington, Marshall, Jefferson, Adams, were too blind to make, and which, from the time of the adoption of the Constitution to the present hour, has been scouted by all the Congresses, all the Courts, all the Legislative assemblies, and all the people,—excepting Mr. Wright and a few others, whose knowledge of English Grammar and American History transcends the collective understanding and mind of the nation!

The fate of Mr. Wright, since he started the *Chronicle*, has been singularly diversified—now in and now out, now up and now down—with almost mechanical adroitness. "And yet, no one has been more assiduous to please and propitiate than himself. With principle laid since thrown to the winds—dabbling in the various reforms of the day just enough to make them the hooks whereby to fish out a living—smiling upon bargains, compromises and coalitions—lauding a Father Mathew and a Louis Kossuth just in proportion to their cowardly recency to their own principles—and ignoring the only radical movement in the country for the abolition of slavery—he again finds himself thrown from the saddle, not for any of these specifications, but because others more adroit have desired to display their horsemanship in his place, and so have effected his overthrow. Verily, he has his reward. Still, we think that, in the present instance, he has been treated very shabbily."

N. B. Since the above was in type, the *Commonwealth* has published Mr. Wright's valediction, with Mr. List's explanation and defence. Mr. L. denies the accuracy of some of Mr. W.'s statements; but we see no sufficient justification for his having refused, in the first instance, the small privilege to Mr. W. to be read by the readers of the *Commonwealth*. Nothing is lost by a magnanimous course.

Mr. Mathew, British Consul in South Carolina, has applied to the Supreme Court of that State for a writ of *habeas corpus* in favor of Manuel Pereira, a British seaman imprisoned for his color. The Court has postponed the hearing of the case till next January.

Voices from the Spirit World: being Communications from Many Spirits. By the Hand of Isaac Post, Medium. Rochester, N. Y. 1852. pp. 256.

Isaac Post, the "Medium" in this instance, is, or has been, connected with the Society of Friends, and commands the esteem and confidence of all who are intimately acquainted with him. He has long been on our list of personal friends; and, whatever may be said or thought of the volume he has given to the public, we readily declare that he would be among the last persons on earth we should suspect of collusion or imposture. Of himself he says, in the Preface:—

"Since I have found my pen moved by some power beyond my own, either physical or mental, and believing it to be by the spirits of those who have inherited bodies, and passed from sight, I feel it best to allow those, who desire to read the words of many individuals as they have written with my hand, the privilege of doing so." Among the "Many Spirits" who have thus purposed to use his hand are those of George Washington, John Hancock, Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman, Robert Morris, John Quincy Adams, John C. Calhoun, Thomas Clarkson, George Fox, Elias Hicks, Samuel Fothergill, Emanuel Swedenborg, Daniel O'Connell, Voltaire, William Penn, and Job Scott. The reader will doubtless smile at this category; but it is much easier to smile than to explain the phenomena attending the production of a work like this—seeing that the "Medium" has no literary taste or inclination, and is beyond suspicion. If, however, we are asked, whether we are satisfied that these lucubrations are from the "spirits" indicated by name, we candidly reply, that we are not, inasmuch as (aside from many other difficulties) they bear none of the marks of the writings of those "spirits" while they sojourned here below; the style of each so closely resembling that of the others as to destroy personal identity, and to seem the product of one mind. Now, there seems to be no sound reason why, if he can communicate his thoughts at all, John C. Calhoun should not be able to express himself with characteristic terseness and strength; and so of the others, each in his own way. But this is not the case. It strikes us, too, as somewhat singular, that those sturdy spirits, Fox, Penn, and others, should date their pieces, not after the Quaker method, but just as "the world's people" do; thus, "September 15," instead of "8th month, 15th"—which is not even as our friend Post would write. Of the sentences embodied in this volume, we need only say, that, if they are not marked by any peculiar force or originality, they are of a consolatory, strengthening, purifying and elevating character; and therefore its circulation cannot fail to do good. An extract from it may be found on our last page, in a letter purporting to come from the late Nathaniel P. Rogers, the friendly spirit of which, whether emanating from him or not, we heartily reciprocate. Other extracts we may give as we shall find room hereafter.

Building and Loan Associations: their Character, Operations and Advantages. By W. P. Smith. Boston: Moore & Crosby, Printers, No. 1 Water Street. 1852.

The author of this pamphlet says that his object in presenting it to the public is, that a more general understanding may be had in relation to Building Associations, which, originating with a Scottish nobleman, the Earl of Schickel, and conceived in the spirit of true philanthropy, have taken root, even in the unfertile soil of England; so that now, upwards of two thousand Societies, with an annual income of four million sterling, are in full and active operation there. Four years ago, it is stated, the first Association was established in New York; and now there are upwards of fifty in that city alone. "Through their operations, the improvident and thoughtless have been taught economy; and their beneficial results have been enjoyed by many thousands." This pamphlet is well deserving the attention of the working classes, and of those who are laboring for their elevation.

### THE FUGITIVES IN CANADA.

We have received, and read, with conflicting emotions of pleasure and pain, the First Annual Report (in pamphlet form) of the Toronto Ladies' Association for the Relief of Destitute Colored Fugitives;—a pleasure, because it shows that an active philanthropy has been at work in Canada to relieve the necessities of a class, "met out and trodden under foot" by a bloody tyranny in this horridly cruel land, from which they have escaped barely with their lives;—pain, because it reminds us of our national shame and infamy, especially in the operations of the Fugitive Slave Law.

The following are the office-bearers of this Association:—President, Mrs. Arnold; Treasurer, Mrs. Dr. Willis; Secretaries, Mrs. Eson, Mrs. Henning, Miss Macnamy; with a highly respectable Committee.

During the year, one hundred families have been visited, and more or less aided. Several affecting cases are copied from the Visitors' Book. The history of Mrs. P.—'s escape with her sister, (Mrs. T.—) is most interesting, being pursued by the man-catchers. In one place, only one individual was found bold enough to help them on their way, and that one a weakly woman, who, in spite of danger, put them into a wagon, lying on her side in the bottom of it, covered with a buffalo skin, and drove them herself thirty miles on the road.

CONDITION OF THE COLORED PEOPLE.—Looking at the general merits of the recent work on this subject, by Dr. Delany, and overlooking what in its pages seemed like a querulous and censorious spirit, we give it a friendly notice in a recent number of our paper. Our estimable coadjutor, the Editor of the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, not being so favorably impressed by a perusal of it, expressed himself accordingly. This has elicited a letter from Dr. Delany, (see our first page), written in sad taste and an irritated state of mind, which we are sorry to see from his pen. The *Freeman* and its editor have been too long in the anti-slavery field to be suspected of being inimical to any one wearing a sable complexion. Dr. D. should remember the proverb, "Faithful are the wounds of a friend;" and if he has been wounded by the criticism of the *Freeman*, let him not attribute it to an enemy, but endeavor to profit by the blow, as one given in a spirit of unkindness, but rather from a sense of duty and with an honest fidelity, though hard to bear.

### NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

This body, which has so long shared the best sympathies of the tried and true friends of the cause, convened at the Melodeon on Tuesday morning. The meeting was called to order at 10 o'clock, by Francis Jackson.

A Committee to nominate officers of the Convention was named by the Chairman *pro tem*, who subsequently reported the following list:—

For President—EDMUND QUINCY.  
Vice Presidents—Francis Jackson, Effingham L. Capron, Samuel Noyes, James N. Buffum, Peter Libby of Maine, N. Allen of Vermont, S. S. Griswold of Connecticut, and Piny Sexton of New York.  
Secretaries—Samuel May, Jr., Eliza J. Kenny, and Alonzo J. Grover.

A large Business Committee, of which Wm. Lloyd Garrison was Chairman, was raised, and a Committee on Finance.

Up to the time of our paper going to press, the meetings of the Convention have been extremely interesting and well attended—many able speakers having occupied the platform, in the discussion of resolutions of a radical character, pertaining to men and parties, to the Church and State. Next week we shall give, of course, the official report of the proceedings.

DANIEL WEBSTER AT PLIMOUTH ROCK







